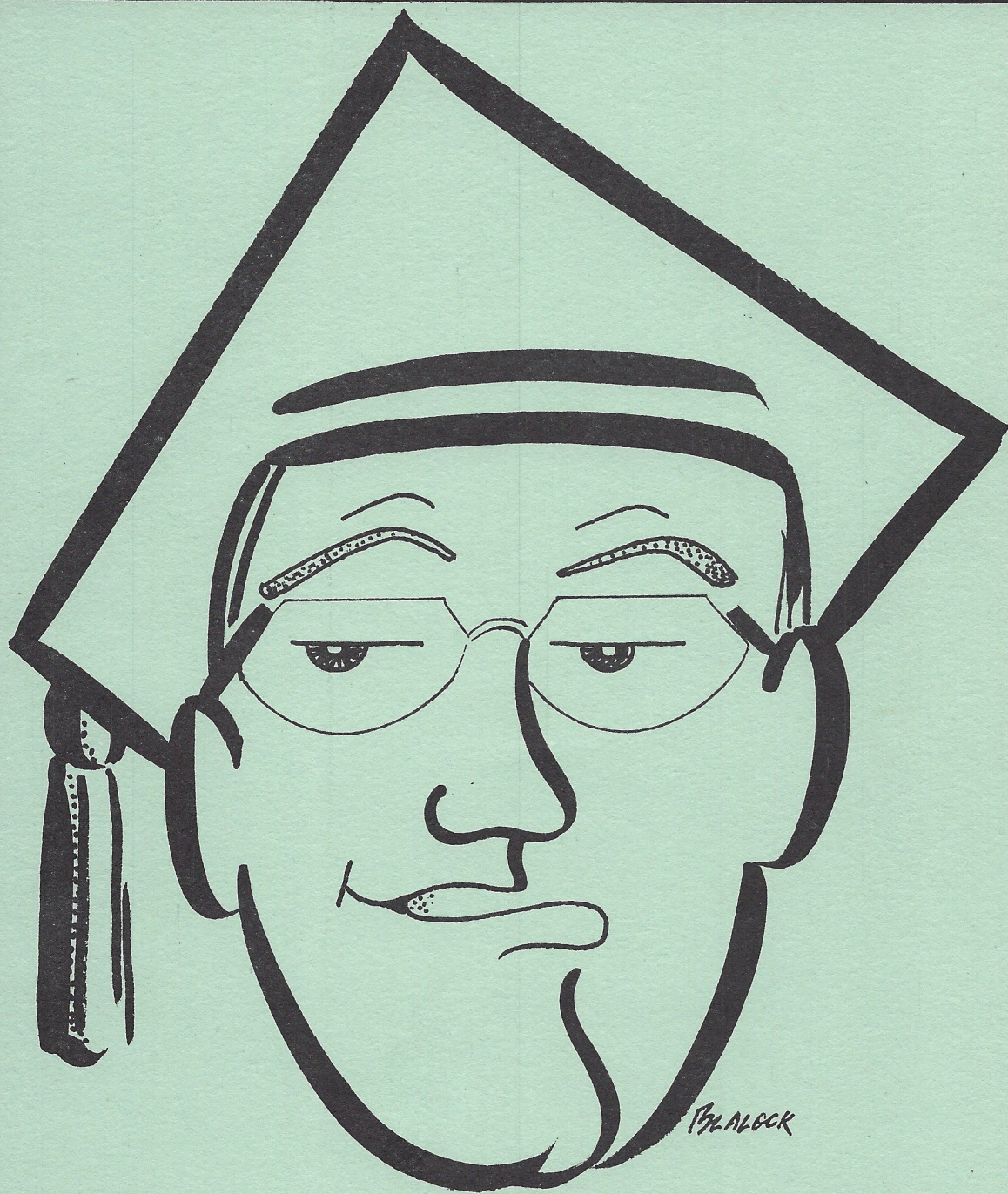
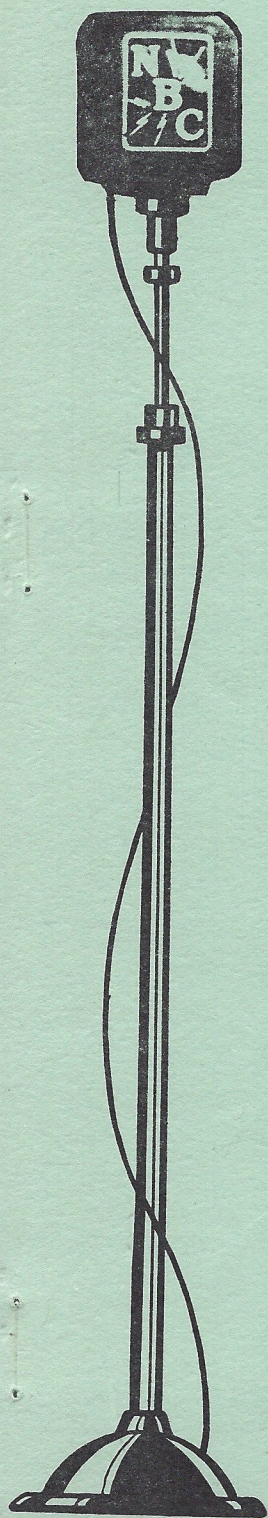
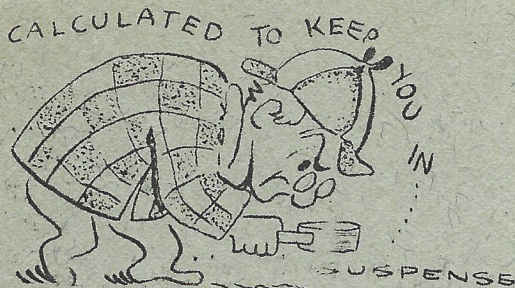


EPILOGUE

2



KAY KYSER



OFF MOKE

MUTTERINGS

EPILOGUE - published by George Jennings; 7605 Sandra Drive; Little Rock, Ark. Cost of this copy: 40¢. Also available for trade or through a variety of other arrangements. This home-brewed periodical is not intended as a profit-making venture, and has been succeeding admirably in that direction. Too damned admirably, in fact, ZIP 72209

As is traditional, this editorial is the last item to be composed. It's quite probable that I'll leave a few subjects uncovered in my attempt at prose. First, though...the explanations.

It's taken me an additional month to complete number two...partly due to the fact that the material kept swelling in every time I began to see light. I eventually gave up all hope of including every item which I deemed worthy of being a part of this issue...and consequently have filed away for the future many pages which I wish could be herein found. I'd surmise that I have enough accumulated to turn out the third EPILOGUE right now...if I had the time.

Increasing size was only one factor in the delay. Added in were the holidays...a disappointing economic return to EPILOGUE 1½...battles with my aging Rex-Rotary...and the like. These obstacles have led me to a couple of conclusions:

- (1) Too much time elapses between issues of a "fanzine format" to keep communication current. Events connected with our hobby occur almost on a daily basis, and I'd like to report them...to serve as a central news service of sorts. This currently can't be done.
- (2) Working over a period of three to four months on one project gets to be a bit of a drag after a time...no matter how basically interesting that project may be.

So, subject to comment from readers...especially those who support me with a bit of cash here and there, it's my plan to switch epilogue to a monthly, smaller publication. The maximum would be about ten pages...with the type of content remaining about the same. Price of each copy changes to 25¢

It's Christmas morning.....(I hope that all of you had a merry)...and that very mysterious box under the tree turned out to be the components of a 1927 Atwater-Kent. A most unusual gift, to be sure. It's going to require a bit of work here and there...especially on the finish, which has not been treated kindly. The guts will never perform again, I'm sure...but that doesn't really matter. Like many another collector, I plan to put together a sort of display...wired to the tape center, etc. The effect should be interesting.

You'll note an extremely minimal use of electronic stencils in the pages that follow. Although the method makes it possible to publish solid letters, shaded artwork, etc...I have yet been able to master the process with my Rex... which does not have automatic inking. Consequently, I invested some money in letter guides and stylis, and did a bit of hand tracing here and there. But even that had hazards...since certain stencils are better than others for cutting in this manner, and I had forgotten the differences. So...there are some pages with which I'm less than pleased (as last time). But reworking would cause further delay, which I don't want and can't afford.

Roy Brink and I continually have discussions (when I'm visiting in Dallas) on the impossibilities of my tastes. What astounds Roy is the fact that I enjoy "Old Radio"...and today's current "Rock" formats simultaneously. In addition to this, I earn my living by laboring for a "top 40" operation, and see nothing wrong with the music.

That last isn't quite true. There's a good deal of the present "Acid" stuff that I can't stomach. It has no beat...no purpose...and seems to consist of aimless complaints. But, there are those who are pleased with it...so let 'em have it.

It's every bit in how you grow up, I'd guess. I was a teenager during the dawns of rock...while at the same time, I was heavily addicted to network radio (the fact that my father was chief engineer of the local CBS outlet was partially responsible for the latter). Those who are muchly proponents of swing were in their formative years during its reign, while there are individuals who denounce the Goodman-Miller influence as too much (or did when it first came on the scene).

"Taste," the man says, "is all a matter of opinion."

Now a couple of notes: Stephen Cisler of Louisville is the author of the article on Videotaping in this issue. Somehow, I left off the credit line until the page had already been run off, and I didn't want to go back and do it again.

The "fiction" piece is a bit different from what you might expect in a publication such as this...but I've been waiting for years for someone to write a story along those lines...and decided that I might as well go ahead. It was fun. I hope you find it equally enjoyable.

And...how many of you caught "The Plot to Overthrow Christmas" on Educational Television? It was broadcast in Little Rock on December 23rd...probably about a week after it was shown to the rest of the nation. The program featured Norman Corwin, and brought together a host of old-time radio actors before ancient microphones for a reenactment of the CBS Radio Workshop's Christmas day offering of 1938. I have both Video and Audio tapes of the episode, if anyone is interested.

News Item: (12/16/70) Jim Jordan, 74, radio's "Fibber McGee" for three decades, underwent open heart surgery at the University of Alabama Hospital earlier this month, is progressing well and plans to return to his California home.

FEEDBACK

BACKGROUND

NOISE

Jim Harmon - P.O. Box 38612 - Hollywood, California 90038

My own belief is that radio today represents corruption of a public resource, more pollution for materialistic ends. I don't know if broadcasting can be improved, anymore than I know if air pollution can be reversed before life on the planet is wiped out. I've never said anything good about current broadcasting in hundreds of radio-tv appearances. They don't give a damn, of course. They've got it made. However, I won't accept their brainwashing that radio is what it is, because it has to be this way. It is this way because they can make more money this way. As you yourself establish, broadcasting in every other civilized country on earth still provides top-grade radio drama, comedy, discussion, etc. The airways in this country have been raped. Change is coming everywhere. Some day the moneygrubbers will be driven out.

True, "old time radio" was designed to make money for all concerned, but it turned out better; it was acceptable. Two products may both be designed to make money, but one may be acceptable and useable; the other inferior and contaminated, and non-acceptable.

I wish GREAT RADIO HEROES and GREAT RADIO COMEDIANS did have tremendous sales ...then I would have a "tremendous" amount of money. Each has sold about seven times what the average book sells. Unless pressed, I won't admit how low the average is. Of course, some books (Valley of the Dolls, etc.) sell one hundred thousand times the average.

I am looking for good clear tapes of most of the recent Lone Ranger reruns. Most people started taping them from the beginning, and either they or the station stopped. So I have...and have been offered the one about Bryant's Gap, the Texas Ranger's son, etc...but there must be another 30 or 35 I could use (I understand 52 were released). I also need the devil and Mr. O. series. Trade or purchase at my own selling rates: \$7 per 1200 ft.

GJ: Certainly your opinion of modern radio is not one you hold alone, Jim. It's a popular concept...but this doesn't make it any the more a valid one. What exists today is the logical end result of private enterprise left to the purely local level...sink or swim. Broadcasters managed to swim...and do it quite well. It really becomes a question of what critic you listen to. As you'll note in the brief bit on John Crosby's article of 1952...there were and are those who rank the golden days as so much garbage (and the term "moneygrubbers" is one that even these critics are familiar with). What I'd like to ask you....

is...exactly what would you have on the airwaves of this country... if you were not only the creator of the material, but the man who foots the bill. Short of Government control (which is what keeps drama, etc. on the air in most other countries), who'd pay the bills? Keep in mind that you would be dealing with sponsors of the 1970's ..who package their goods brightly and push hard.

Harry Warner, Jr. - 423 Summit Avenue - Hagerstown, Maryland - 21740

One of the decisive moments of my life came in 1957 when I moved to this address and left behind deliberately in the attic of the former address six or eight years of Radio Guide, a complete run for those years. It was decisive in that I felt such anguish at what I'd done (a year or so later), that from that day to this I've never thrown anything away. Incidentally, in the attic of the present house are several large boxes that I've never opened during the 13 years since the move. I don't know what's in them...there is a thousand to one possibility that my father packed and brought along those magazines at the last minute. If I look in those boxes, the last faint hope of their survival vanishes.

Your remarks about video collecting sounded strangely familiar. I'd written along these lines several times in fanzine letter columns, trying to guess whether home video-tape recorders will become reliable and cheap enough for every fan to own before much of the television stuff currently in favor, like The Prisoner and Star Trek, ends reruns via syndication and is no longer available for off-the-air taping. I've put on audio tape the sound from a fair amount of television stuff that interests me, but of course there is no substitute for the video tape recording that will obviously be practiced by all fans within a few years.

But doesn't the problem of old television fandom really have two separate aspects: first, the actual continued existence of video's first quarter-century, and second...how to arrange for fans to acquire copies of them. You don't mention the former situation, and it seems more urgent than the other to me. Unless I am unaware of the existence of some kind of television archives, there must be a lot of kinescope or whatever they are called lying around storage areas receiving no attention. Film stock can start to deteriorate after a couple of decades if conditions aren't good, and the image on the film stock can begin fading in less time if it wasn't fixed and washed according to rigid standards. Isn't there a danger that the oldest television shows may be nearing the point of destruction already? The networks would hardly make any strenuous effort to preserve them for commercial reasons, because they weren't up to present quality standards until video tape came in. Maybe libraries and museums have arranged to get copies of some documentaries and news telecasts, or maybe not; in the case of news, almost anything that was telecast was also filmed in conventional cameras, and it would be those high quality films that archivists would want. If there is to be some kind of old television fandom, I should think that its very first efforts would be directed toward getting as much kinescope film as survives onto videotape immediately.

I suppose you're right about radio having taken the only course that permitted it to survive. Still, I wonder if there still couldn't be network radio with the dramas, comedies, and variety shows of the past...adapted to the realities of today. Maybe just eight or ten clear channel stations would be enough to blanket the entire nation, guarantee sponsors excellent after-dark

reception anywhere, use talent that hasn't made it yet on television or has just been dropped by the networks, specialize in all the things television can't do, and enjoy freedom from television's constant bugaboo...the knowledge that there are lots of kids in the audience.



ED WYNN
...AS THE "TEXACO FIRE CHIEF"

Charles Ingersoll - Radio Historical Society - Box 190 - Cloquet, Minn. 55720

...I especially like the articles on Lum 'n' Abner as they were my favorites many years ago. Say...did you ever hear of a program called "Eb and Zeb"? They were similar to Lum 'n' Abner. Eb whistled through his teeth when he talked...they operated a store, etc. Luckily, I have one rare copy. Another such show back in the 30's was "Uncle Abe and David" -- I can remember they printed a paper called the "Hometown Thistledown News". I can remember sending for it as a kid. Speaking of premiums...I have on order from an antique dealer Lum 'n' Abner's "Adventures in Hollywood" and a L&A Almanac which was a giveaway when they were on for Horlick Malted Milk.

GJ: I recently received the "Eb and Zeb" from another source. It was one of those syndicated things done by C.P. MacGregor (who is to my knowledge the only vintage producer still at work, with his "Heartbeat Theater"). The program seems a direct imitation, character for character..from Lum 'n' Abner.

Cortlandt Parent, Jr. - Crompond Road, RFD 1 - Peekskill, N.Y. 10566

Even from the early thirties I had always listened to Canadian Radio....and soon I discovered that I had a choice of six networks instead of four. Trans-Canada and Dominion, across the border. TV came later to Canada...so when American Radio declined, I enjoyed fine programs from the CBC networks for quite a number of years. Now, TV is strong in Canada but some good radio remains. I get the CBC schedule in printed form twice a month. Your CBL listings under RADIO DRAMA IN THE 70's is out of date. It appears to be a schedule of over a year ago. CBC STAGE is now presented each Saturday at 9:03 EST. There is a drama series Monday through Friday nights at 10:30 called 10:30 THEATRE. Sometimes these are continued in 5 programs, some weeks each story is complete in 30 minutes.

GJ: It's probably true that the schedule was a bit out of date, due the time which elapsed between my initial collecting of material for EPILOGUE, and its final publication. I've often been curious as to the specific state of drama on Canadian Radio...perhaps we can go into the matter a bit further in the next issue.

Lawrence Sharpe - P.O. Box 713 - Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

The only old radio personality I know of in Chapel Hill is Kay Kyser, and apparently he does not care much about reminiscing. I see Mrs. Kyser at the farmers curb market and at the grocery store. She is still beautiful and has three daughters who are likewise.

GJ: It is Lawrence who forwarded the segment from his University publication about the Kyseres..for which I'm grateful. It fits quite well with Bill Blalock's tremendous artwork.

Richard N. Gulla - 4225 N. Cutler Ave. - Baldwin Park, California 91708

I concur with your views about the dubious revival of radio 'as it used to be', the imminent importance of V.T.R., etc. I bought my first tape machine back in '49-'50 (EICOR, Model 115), recorded a lot of programs for delayed listening (as you did), erased most (DUMB!); saved a few. In the '65 period, I also traded with Corcoran, Sharpe, Moulder, and Jim Harmon. Since the original dozen or so buffs started out, a couple of hundred have joined our ranks. Many

are really DEVOTED and keep up the search for new material; some are just 'along for the ride', being too young to REMEMBER the sounds they are privileged to hear. My collection runs about 2000 hours - storage space is at a premium, and I often don't have time to even LISTEN to fresh selections before filing them. This seems to be the case with most of the 'senior' buffs.

GJ: I'm glad to find that at least one other person owned an EICOR. The guts of mine are stored somewhere, though the mechanism ceased functioning long ago. Of course, the real problem in those days was the tape, which cost a fortune. Even if I had been out to collect, it probably would have been beyond my means. Jim Moulder, who actually did some taping to save...starting in about 1952...used to stop the machine at all commercials...and on a lot of music bridges...just to save what footage he could. Short of someone inventing a time machine (which fantasy is explored elsewhere in these pages), it's just a matter of crying in our beer.

Stephen A. Cisler - P.O. Box 1644 - Louisville, Kentucky - 40201

I am in the selling of closed circuit video, notably the SONY VTR line, and am now setting up a videotape duplicating service. I have a high speed audio tape system now. My dubbing setup is all professional Ampex, et al...as I spent more than 25 years in broadcast engineering.

My radio began back in 1925 with early radio in Omaha and Minneapolis. From 1927 through 1931 I was chief announcer and program director of WLS NATIONAL BARN DANCE in Chicago. After years of station ownership I got out of the rat race in 1961 with a complete disgust for the trend to panic radio and the infantile music diet.

GJ: My thanks to all of you who wrote. There were many others....; mostly on individual collecting ideas. Please keep up the letters, with as much comment in them as possible!

Aside from the above, I received missives from: Richard Hayes; Rolfe Blaess; Bob Vito; Frank Dacey; Charles Sexton; Stuart Weiss; Americo Almeida; Joanne Burger; Chris Lembesis; Jim Blythe; R.G. Bright; Meada Frierson; Jim Bannister; Ken Greene; Cliff Caplinger; David Slagle; John Aquino; Gerry Kramer...and more.

Arkansas Travelers

TOUR COUNTRY IN
REAL STYLE NOW

1936

The "Arkansas Traveler" tours about the country in a 12-cylinder limousine, flashes a three carat diamond and has his clothes made by a New York tailor these days. In fact, there are two Arkansas Travelers. "Lum" and "Abner" are the names.

Behind their Pine Ridge characterizations, "Lum and Abner" are Chester A. Lauck and Norris Goff, two young 'uns who clicked on the radio with their rural act. Within the past three years, they've become the white-face "Amos 'n' Andy" of the ether lanes.

Entering radio as a result of a show they staged for a flood relief fund in Mena, Arkansas, they found gold in mountain portrayals without using a mouth organ and guitar to strike it. Their radio success took them to the vaudeville stage. And the two "hicks" draw \$6300 a week for an "in-the-make-up" appearance.

Talking about their success backstage, "Abner" produced a little green book he carries with him. It's a 1933 year book which contains a record of their early stage appearances-weekend engagements when they were getting started in radio at WTAM.

"Look at this," said "Abner," pointing to one of the pages. "We played the Temple Theater in Willard, which is the old opera house. Stage was swell, but had a traveler curtain that was awfully slow. The weather was fine, but we only netted \$89.40." That was on April 29.

The May 6th page offered the following information: "Ashland and fine weather. Netted \$150.15. Had a boy walk around town with a sign. Also passed out 500 handbills."

"Hit Berea about 12:45 and put a sign in a candy shop. Waited for the show to open. Also put a sign and a picture in a pool room."

"The manager of the Pastime theater was very nice to us. Had a stage built to accomodate the show. But the reason for the poor house was that the American Legion was sponsoring a prize fight for which tickets were sold in advance. We left Berea with \$27.75."

"Reynoldsville, Pa. - this engagement was a terrible mistake. We did bad business. Our cut was \$48.83, which was not even enough to pay our expenses."

"We gave two shows in Painesville at the Utopia Theater. The weather was fine, but we only played to 310 people, including 92 passes. We only grossed \$92.30. At the Saturday matinee there were only 229 paid admissions for \$36.85."

On the stage, "Lum and Abner" appear in rural costume. "Lum" wears a pair of

galoshes over his tan and white shoes. "Abner" covers his white shoes with a pair of brown leather house slippers. Once "Abner" forgot his slippers and went out on the stage in his chalk-white "boots". "Lum" came to the rescue before the audience had a chance to note the error with: "Goll dang it, Abner. How many times have I tole you to keep from messin' round the barn? There you've gone and stepped in the whitewash again."

VIDEO UPDATE '71

Video recording for Closed Circuit Television uses is now divided between half inch and one inch styles. Nothing is compatible for either tape size, speed, or recording mode...that is, up until 1970. Now SONY and other Japanese manufacturers have agreed on an AV standard for international recording modes. The new machines are just now coming on the market. Tapes made on older machines WILL NOT play back on the new AV series, or vice versa. However, older tapes can be dubbed to the new format without too much trouble.

One inch tapes can be copied to half inch, and vice versa. It is also possible now to make 16mm films from any half or one inch video tape.

The big start for the future collector is going to be the video cassette, due out in 1971. International standards are being agreed on by SONY, PHILIPS, and other European and Japanese manufacturers, and we are told that AMPEX is joining the parade. Having seen one of the prototypes in action, I can honestly say this is a remarkable advancement, and I predict it will be the next big splurge for the consumer after color TV has reached its peak.

The cassettes will be available for rent or purchase or for blank recording purposes. It is a half-inch wide, and tentative cost will be about \$15 or \$20 per hour. This should drop with quantity production.

The cassette will play back (or record) in color or black and white. The player/recorder is estimated to sell for about \$450 to \$600, without any camera or monitor. The camera will be from \$200 up. Connection can be made to any standard TV set as monitor at the antenna terminals. Recording connections are a bit more intricate.

By using slower speed tape (3.91 ips), they can pack up to two hours on an average cassette. It is plugged in like a car stereo cartridge, and push-button operated.

Strong competition will await the cassette from other "home" systems which do not offer recording facilities. These are backed by large companies who may try to push heavy advertising to get their inadequate systems off the ground. But for a collector, a recording facility is the only thing to make any sense.

VIEWPOINT

Editorial
Afterthoughts

Several weeks ago, an article appeared across the country under the auspices of a national news service, harking back to an earlier piece in LIFE magazine. The original story had been about the six "deadly sins" committed during the heyday of radio...with a warning to infant television (circa 1952) to make a valiant attempt to avoid traveling the same path of error.

The sins, as detailed by then well-known critic John Crosby, were the following:

- (1) Radio allowed the advertiser to enter the field of actually producing material for air. The sponsors got into show business itself..always having the last word as to what went into the programs they were involved in financially. In his commentary, Crosby is quoted by the current article as saying that "Television must run its own shop".
- (2) Radio never exploited its own potential. The medium "fell to the allure of a few formulas of proven success: the soap opera, the who-dunnit, the audience participation show, etc."
- (3) Radio catered to the lowest taste, ignoring the highest. Radio tried to please everybody at the same time...aiming at the lowest common denominator of society, and never hitting any level squarely.
- (4) Radio was morally irresponsible to the American people. By this, it is apparently meant that a large audience did not mean that Radio was doing its job.
- (5) Radio was avaricious...not treating its frequencies as national assets.
- (6) Radio created an insulting picture of the American people...and never really got to know the people well.

And there was an informal sort of seventh sin...Radio was cowardly, and would stand up to no one (except an atheist here and there). The point of the news syndicate reprint and comment on this vintage piece of journalism is an obvious one: although Mr. Crosby was gracious enough to warn Video of what dangers were lurking in the wings, no one paid attention...and today, it has taken the place of Radio as the medium of the masses.

Frankly, it's not my intention to defend television. It is my intention to point out that the poor judgement in interpreting the Audio Art was made in the original magazine piece...with its reprint simply compounding the insult. For if radio really did such a sad job in its prime duty...why are there those of us who remember the days of old with something akin to awe? Was it necessary for us to be elevated to the heights of intellectual stimulation every time the console set hummed into life? Or was the finest of companionship... enough?

Let me hear from you on Mr. Crosby's commentary on our memories.

The staggering bill paid by famous advertisers in bringing their message into your home

By

JESSE S. BUTCHER

THE truth of the familiar adage that "time is money" never was better illustrated than in its application to radio. Broadcasting minutes are precious and the advertiser who would use them in the interest of his product must be prepared to maintain a bank account that can stand heavy withdrawals. Even before he can budge the cost of the program with which he hopes to win our ear, the sponsor of a commercial hour has to give consideration to the huge amount of money he will be required to pay the broadcasting company for the privilege of using a nation-wide or regional hook-up of stations.

The chuckles that you enjoy from Ed Wynn's inimitable stories on the Texaco program over an NBC hook-up would be no laughing matter to most of us were we asked to pay a total time cost of \$6,700 for the thirty minutes that he is on the air. Andy undoubtedly would utter a woeful "Oh, me!" to Amos, should the Pepsodent people ask the president of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company to write out a check totalling \$21,780 for the five weekly broadcasts on a forty-station hook-up of the National Broadcasting Company.

Lucky Strike's contribution to the risibilities of the nation in that Saturday night program over NBC starring Jack Pearl, which recently ended a record run, entailed time bills totalling \$7,874 a broadcast. Let's break down the time cost and see what the time cost of the Baron's gags equalled. In the thirty-minute show, he used up half the period in doing his set. Statistics available disclosed that the average number of laughs clocked at a broadcast amounted to seventy. Figuring half the total time charge per broadcast Jack's laughs were worth \$506 to the sponsor! Pearl, by the way, is now sponsored on the air by Royal Gelatin of Standard Brands.

AND if that program were not sufficient to make one call it a day, consider Lucky's latest ambitious undertaking in sending to you and to me an entire opera each week direct from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Both National Broadcasting Company networks—82 stations in all in the United States and Canada—carry the voices of world famous singers into our homes at a time expense of \$15,000 a program.

The ambitious undertaking of General Foods in transporting the actual voices of Admiral Richard E. Byrd and his men from Little America, Antarctica, 8,994 miles distant, into our radio circles as well as to send back news and entertainment to the explorers, is costing that advertiser in behalf of Grapenuts \$7,095 a broadcast. Assuming that contact with Byrd's scene of operations is uninterrupted and the sponsor elects to continue the half hour program weekly over a fifty-nine-station Columbia hook-up during the two years the explorer plans to be away, the grand total time charge will be more than \$350,000.

NO, the air is not free in the kingdom of radio. Its princely sponsors pay great sums for ether time. But considering the vast audience-reaching potentialities of network broadcasting—there are 21,000,000 radios in American homes—the fortunes disbursed in time assessments seem moderate. And the public response to commercial programs generally apparently satisfies the advertiser as to his investment.

The reason that the advertiser is called upon to remunerate the radio companies is to enable them to make programs available to the listeners without charge. In other countries broadcasting is supported by government subsidy or a tax on radio sets. In England, for example, each set owner purchases tickets for his radio performances in the form of an annual listening tax levied by the British Broadcasting Corporation which exclusively supplies the entertainment. Under the American plan, the willingness of business concerns to write out checks for the commercial use of the air as one of many advertising media, permits the broadcasts to absorb all items without calling upon the "fan" for money.

Thus it happens that the half hour you have free to listen to the Casa Loma Orchestra, Irene Taylor and the Do Re Mi Trio on Thursday nights is costing the Camel cigarette manufacturers \$9,480—more than \$300 a minute for the time needed to send the program into millions of homes by way of 83 Columbia stations from coast to coast. The music of Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, heard over the same chain, represents a time expenditure of \$9,480 per broadcast to Henry Ford, the sponsor.

When Rudy Vallee opens the Fleischmann Hour with his dulcet theme of "My time is your time" he is not referring

in any manner to the sum of \$12,450 his boss will hand over at the end of the hour for the fifty-station hook-up on the National Broadcasting Company facilities that he uses.

PAUL WHITEMAN'S sponsors—the Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company—sign away \$12,888 each time the Maestro of Jazz signs off on 52 stations that have carried his hour program. That fifteen minutes you dedicate to Myrt and Marge five nights a week checks off \$90,068 on Mr. Wrigley's bank statement every thirty days. The half hour each week when music lovers are enthralled by the wizardry of Albert Spaulding's playing on the violin represents a disbursement for time by the sponsors—the Castoria Company—of \$5,883.

The humor of Eddie Cantor and the Rubinoff violin are offered gratuitously to the listener at an expense to the Chase and Sanborn concern of \$12,890 for an hour's time on fifty-two N.B.C. stations. The Show Boat Hour on the same chain, constitutes a charge of \$11,350 on the books of the Maxwell House Company. The Seven Star Revue, broadcast over the Columbia network under the aegis of the Corn Products Refining Company, brings in time revenue of \$9,835 per program. Even Clara, Lou and Em's engaging chatter, costs the Palmolive people \$1,486 a broadcast.

With such outlays of money, to make no mention of program and other costs, is it any wonder that sponsors sometimes overstep the bounds of good judgment by overloading their programs with advertising? In reflecting that the programs are available to the listeners at no cost, it does seem fair that the sponsor who observes the amenities should be accorded a hearing on his sales talk. Obviously, the Sinclair executives, in engaging Gene Arnold and his Minstrels, in addition to a time assessment amounting to \$5,230 per broadcast, hope that listener appreciation will be expressed in a practical manner.

The reader in absorbing the fanciful figures paid to the

Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company for time on the air might be interested in knowing what allocation is made of the tidy sums. To begin, NBC and CBS are similar to parents with large and dependent families. In this instance, the children are the hundreds of radio stations scattered all over the United States and Canada and even Hawaii that have an affiliation with one or other of the two network companies in New York. Thus, when Woodbury sends to NBC a check amounting to the \$4,292 to pay for the time consumed to broadcast Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson in "Dangerous Paradise," or La Palina remits \$5,244 to Columbia for the half hour we listen to George Burns and Gracie Allen plus Guy Lombardo, each station that carried these programs will receive soon after a check for its local time. Fifty-four stations that are listed for the Chevrolet program with Jack Benny have an active participation in the total of \$8,132 that the sponsor mails to NBC for the time.

Not all of the money, of course, goes to the individual station. Several million dollars are paid annually by the two networks into the coffers of the telephone company for wire facilities essential for sending the programs from point to point. Millions more in the total are expended by NBC and CBS for sustaining programs presented by them during unpurchased periods or at periods allotted specifically to the public interest. Engineering overhead and organization personnel all take their percentage of the receipts. But despite the

heavy drains on income, the broadcasting chains manage to continue their operations profitably.

MANY dialers undoubtedly are unaware that the country's most powerful user of radio not only pays no money for his time but actually, through custom, possesses the prerogative of preempting whatever period he desires to go on the air. Moreover, he is not disliked by advertisers since they get a full credit for the money they would have had to pay for their time in addition to a courtesy mention at the beginning of the program which unquestionably is heard by radio's largest audiences. He is the President of the United States; his sponsors are the American people and his "sales talk" is in behalf of his plans or accomplishments.

When the President feels the desire to speak to the people,

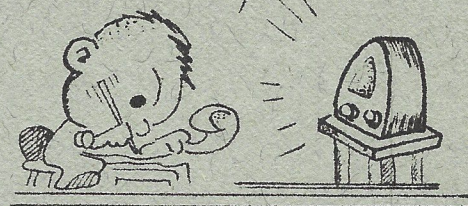
the White House notifies the Washington representatives of the two broadcasting companies. Both having

the data as to time and evening, immediately arrange to clear the networks of programs and make available to the entire nation the Presidential substitution. The advertiser who would have held the airways at the time receives a courtesy announcement reading somewhat as follows: "The XYZ company has graciously yielded its time in order that you might hear a broadcast by the President of the United States."

Were the President required to pay for his time on the air it would run into impressive figures. A complete network over the Columbia system would cost him \$15,200 an hour. The red network of NBC would add another \$12,880 and the blue web of the same chain would set him back another \$12,270. Using one of NBC's network and the Columbia hook-up would cost any other user but the President more than \$28,000.

It is a truism that someone always loses in any deal. The loser when the President takes the air is the broadcasting chain, especially when there is a non-cancellable artist contract in effect. In such instances, according to practise, it is the chain that has to meet the artist with a check for the services he would have rendered. The chain also has to rebate the time charge should there

DEAR SIR...INCLOSED 2 BOX
TOPS AND 10¢



WHEN THE PRESIDENT BROADCASTS

Do you know what it costs when President Roosevelt goes on the air? About \$28,000 every sixty minutes, or about \$465 a minute.

The use of the complete Columbia network costs exactly \$15,200 an hour.

The red network of National Broadcasting System costs \$12,880 an hour.

The blue network of National totals \$12,270 every sixty minutes.

Thus, when the President goes on the air for an hour, the broadcasting chains lose \$28,000. Also, if a non-cancellable artist has been engaged for any broadcast shunted aside by the Chief Executive's hour the chain pays this bill, too.

These are actual costs. What radio gains in prestige, in power, in attracting new listeners, is incalculable, aside from its service to all America.

The President never abuses his privilege, of course. He uses the air only when he has messages of vital importance.

Kay Kyser's

KOLLEGE DAYS-70

In his well known book, "The Great Radio Comedians," Jim Harmon refers to Kay Kyser's Kollege of Musical Knowledge as, "one of the best (shows) that offered music and comedy in addition to quiz programs." Harmon credits the comedy as having come from "babbling idiot Ish Kabibble (played by Mervyn Bogue) and froggy voiced Fergy." And the songs were courtesy of Harry Bab-bitt...plus Georgia Carroll, Kyser's wife.

What has happened to the "old professor"...and that wife who added so much to the broadcasts. Apparently, both are doing quite well in their chosen home of Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

Kyser, who has been known to shun publicity in recent years, nevertheless stepped briefly into the limelight recently to take part in special graduation ceremonies for Georgia from the University of North Carolina. The event was written up in the September, 1970 issue of the University's Alumni Association magazine:

"She walked into the Powers Model office in New York City. Secretaries, photographers, supervisors, managers, and office boys in the famous agency are accustomed to seeing beautiful women going to and fro. But this 17 year old girl eclipsed them all. All business in the agency came to a temporary standstill.

The girl was Georgia Carroll. She was from Texas. John Robert Powers in his book, "The Powers Girls," in 1941 wrote: 'She is probably the most beautiful girl in the world. Her features are perfect, her proportions exactly right, her complexion flawless.'

Her success was immediate. She became a model, and her face graced the front cover of McCall's magazine and the Ladies' Home Journal. She was not a haughty beauty. Her looks were 'natural', and proof that she was unspoiled-and popular with the other models in the Powers agency-was demonstrated one day when an advertiser said to one of the models, "You are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen." The model replied, 'Oh, you haven't seen Georgia Carroll.'

Georgia Carroll was married in 1944 to Kay Kyser (Graduate of O.N.C in 1927), the band leader and entertainer who initiated one of the original quiz shows with his Kollege of Musical Knowledge. Georgia sang in Kyser's orchestra.

Starting in show business when most girls of 17 are still in high school didn't give Georgia Carroll time to go to college. But, in 1951, her husband retired to Chapel Hill. He came back to the Uni-

versity of North Carolina, his alma mater, and they now live on Franklin street.

Like many townspeople, wives of faculty, and others within commuting distance, Georgia Kyser attended a few classes-at first, working toward a degree. After a time of auditing, she enrolled in courses for credit. In 19 years, she has taken a course at a time, while her three children have grown up, and two of them have graduated from the University. The third daughter, Amanda, is a freshman today. Now, after 20 years, Georgia Kyser has been awarded her AB degree in studio art.

President and Mrs. William Friday, who live two doors from the Ky-sers on Franklin Street, sprung a surprise pre-graduation party for Georgia. With Kay's connivance, the old Kollege of Musical Knowledge caps and gowns were taken out of moth balls, and Chancellor Carlyle Sitterson presented the AB degree to Mrs. Kyser."

COST OF BROADCASTING (conclusion)

have been an advertiser on the air at the time the chief executive is broadcasting. However, the White House enjoys its prerogative by not abusing the privilege and the mutual good will resulting all around offsets the money considerations.

Perhaps up to now we have not given the time costs on your favorite program. Bing Crosby and Lannie Hayton's Orchestra? That costs Woodbury \$4,060 an evening for the half hour that the airways carry their entertainment. The March of Time marches away with time charges amounting to \$4,448 of Remington-Rand Company's money each broadcast. The Barbasol program has a total expenditure of \$53,277 a month for its time, while for the same period Irvin Cobb's sponsors-the Good Gulf Oil-wrote off \$27,632.

Some other figures dealing with recent or present programs are:

<u>PROGRAM</u>	<u>COST PER PROGRAM</u>
"Roses and Drums"	\$2,018
Olsen and Johnson	\$5,655
Corn Cob Club	\$6,136
Smilin' Ed McConnell	\$2,084
John McCormack	\$2,768
Frank Crumit & Julia Sandreson	\$1,950
Ipana Troubadors	\$5,944
Ben Bernie	\$6,458
"Wizard of Oz"	\$11,228
Yeast Foamers	\$4,123
Vincent Lopez	\$6,010
Joe Penner	\$7,182
P.A. Rolfe	\$9,270
Louis McHenry Howe	\$3,730
Armour Program, Phil Baker	\$5,774

All figures given in this article indicate the amount paid for air time. They do not include any salaries to the various artists.

THE COLLECTOR-EP. I

A SERIAL IN 3 EPS.

He glanced around the tiny workshop...quickly...but obviously determined...determined to spot any flaw in the setup...to detect any possible missing factor. Equipment? Working...brand new, in fact. It wasn't the absolute best, but it would do. Almost every cent he possessed had gone into this project, and here and there he had had to skimp a bit. Research literature? A pile of it...neatly crammed into a small briefcase. The case contained as much as he could hope to know about his...what? Target? Perhaps that was the word. Passion was a better one.

Satisfied that there was nothing further he could think of, he paused for a moment, grimaced slightly at the impossibility of what lay ahead...and reached for the telephone. There were the piercing tones as he flicked out a number. Silence...a click...and finally, two rings. Then, "Hello?"

"Doctor?"

"Well, you must have decided to go through with it?"

"Yeah...after having some bad moments...trying to decide what to tell my wife..."

"What are you going to tell her?"

"Not the truth, certainly! I'm not even going to hint at what we're up to. This'll be just...another business trip. She'll understand."

"Allright, then. I'll expect you in...uh...can you make it in half an hour?"

"Sure, and I've got everything. At least, I think it's everything."

"Fine, see you shortly". The other end of the phone went dead...as he replaced his own instrument. Then, he picked up the briefcase, shouldered the rest of the devices...and quietly eased the door open and shut.

The drive to Professor Stern's laboratory was brief. Since he had given himself enough time for heavy traffic...which miraculously wasn't there...his Volkswagen pulled up in front of the small building (which was also Stern's home) in just under twenty minutes, instead of thirty. The professor, equally anticipating what was to come...bounded from the doorway to lend a hand.

"It's ready, my boy...operative...and ready! Set for the ultimate test!"

"I wish you wouldn't use that word, professor."

"Word?"

"Test...I don't like to think of this as a test. I mean, I know I'm about to be your human guinea pig...but it's not something I want to be reminded of."

The light in the compact laboratory was dimmer than he had remembered..and he stumbled as he stepped inside. But he dropped nothing, and continued to a small cubicle in one corner...gingerly placing his two burdens inside.

The professor was at his side. "What kind of apparatus did you choose?"

"Sony...the most compact model I could find. Reel to reel...quarter track ...very slow speed. The highest quality tape, so I don't lose too much frequency response. Most of the bag is tape, in fact. But of course, it's still not enough."

Stern chuckled. "I know...you want to bring it all back. There's no way, I'm afraid."

"Well...maybe there'll be other trips..later, after all the bugs are out.."

The professor raised his hand. "The maybes are for tomorrow...right now, I'm concerned with the yesterdays, and there's no reason to put it off." Saying this, the not-quite-elderly figure leaned his frame over a neatly configured control panel...flicked a pair of twin switches, and nodded in the direction of the cubicle.

"Are you ready? Or..." He paused.

"Yes, I'm ready," said the collector. "Ready..." The word faded. But with it, he stepped into the cubicle, dropped into a lightly padded chair, snapped a seat belt, and waited.

As he waited, and the steady hum of building current bathed the room, he remembered how it had started. A glimmer of an amusing notion...combined with coincidence...had formed reality. The notion: carrying his hobby..if it was still that...a bit beyond reason. Instead of just tracking all over the country, in dark attics and hidden cellars...searching for the remnants of radio glory, why not (ridiculous idea)...find someone with a time machine?

Time machine! There was no such animal. There hadn't been...not until Professor Stern had stumbled onto a way to...sort of phase out of now..and phase in to what had been. The discovery had come quite accidentally in the midst of devoted experimentation into commercial applications of the laser principle. Somehow, Stern had happened on a laser that bent..backwards.... through time itself.

The professor at first had dabbled in a variety of amusing attempts at understanding what he had found. There were the laboratory animals who suddenly appeared from nowhere...hours before they were exposed to the beam. A paradox in knowing the result of the test...before carrying it out. There were the notes to himself...popping from thin air...then, written days later to fulfill the circle. All in all, professor Stern was pleased with himself, though not really sure of what to do with his accidental offspring.

The meeting between the collector and the erudite Stern had occurred just as accidentally...one night during a telephone talk show conducted by the former on the local radio station where he was employed. The conversation, with

a little old lady science fiction nut...had wandered off into the realm of could be's and couldn't be's. The radio...playing softly in the dark of the scholar's laboratory...had muttered something about...time travel, adding a few phrases like...mish-mosh...and, poppycock. It had taken only that brief arousal...to create a conversation which lead eventually to...this day..... when the collector would carry a mere spare time interest further than any man should be expected to...right into yesterday, when radio was...what radio isn't today.

A sharp, shattering snapping sound brought him back to reality...and he managed to brace himself...as he suddenly became aware that the time transfer was already taking place. There was another snap. Then, silence.

But not quite silence. Somewhere, a tinkling sound. Like a...piano. It was a piano! And it was very near. He moaned, and opened his eyes...to darkness!

Behind him, and to both sides...but no darkness in front. There, a flickering image danced to and fro. As the musty odor penetrated his sense, the truth suddenly struck: he was in a movie theater...and the film before him was silent!

SNAP!

In the middle of a street...ancient autos rushing at him. He reeled toward the pavement...

SNAP!

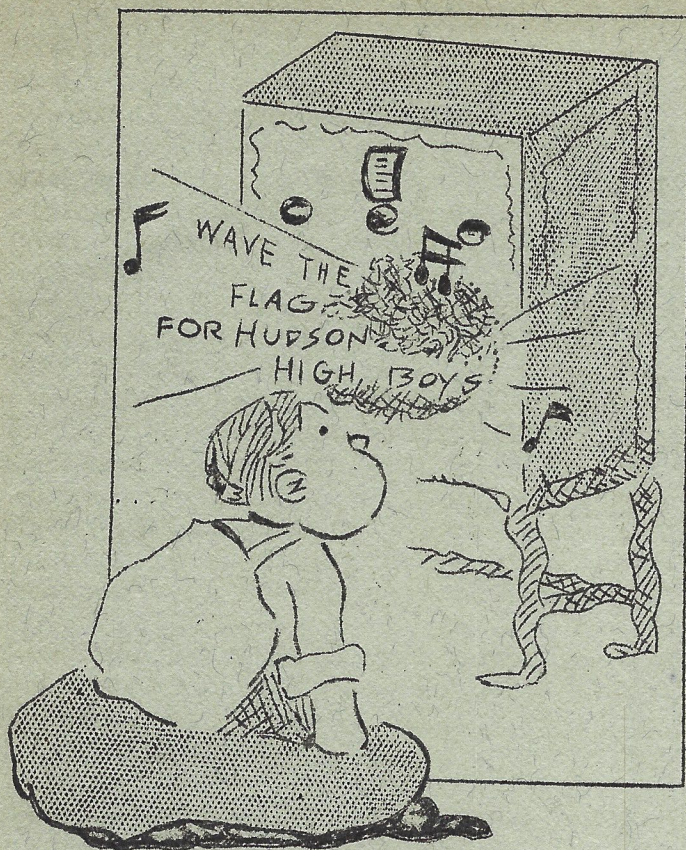
Falling...falling...no...I can't be!

SNAP!

"...ay doggies...tell ya what, Lum...why don't ya call Cedric over here...an' find out whether Miss Emaline ever says anythin' about ya in that there school class..." "Nope, Abner...I'm gonna face it like a man..."

Consciousness slowly seeped back in. This time there didn't seem to be any violence...or the angular action of a silent film. But there was sound! It was coming from the sophisticated transistor receiving unit deep inside his carrying case. That was no recording. He was hearing a live broadcast...here and now. The machine had worked. The collector had slashed through to the past...carrying enough gadgetry to capture a lost art...and wrench it back to 1970. The first phase was complete.

TO BE CONTINUED



ACTION LINE OF CARLSON'S CAUSTIC COMMENT

The idea of this little column is to let you know where the action is..... right now. So let's get with it. Gene Kellenberger says it took five years to find the place where they were buried...but he has finally turned up a disc find at WMT in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Included are some super-rare items such as "The Goldbergs", "Pretty Kitty Kelly" and even some serialized versions of "Mr. Keene" from 1940. Contact Gene at 2225 Grande Avenue SE in Cedar Rapids.

Way up north in Minneapolis, Mark Durenberger has 14 one hour "New Edgar Bergen Hour" shows. 1955 and 1956. You won't believe the fidelity! Get ahold of Mark at WLOL radio.

Anybody for "Boston Blackie"? Ron Staley in San Jose, California has some uncirculated discs of just that. He's at 151 south 20th street.

NEAR MISS DEPARTMENT: Right here in Milwaukee where I live. Collector John Scheinfeld contacted the Schlitz beer people about "Halls of Ivy", which they sponsored on NBC. They threw them all out three years ago. Sigh...

Remember those home disc recorders which came out in the late 1930's? Chuck Schaden in Chicago has found a gentleman who had one and used it. Result: Chuck is now dubbing 28 Amos 'n' Andy discs onto tape. Chuck lives at 8939 North Marion Avenue in suburban Morton Grove.

Stay Tuned Now! More to come...soon!

REVIEW BLOCK

JOEL SIEGEL

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS - Or My Life
With J. Walter Thompson
Confessions of a Renegade Radio
Writer by Carroll Carroll

Cowles Book Co., \$6.95

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - EASY ACES
by Goodman Ace

Doubleday, \$5.95

REMEMBER RADIO
by Ron Lackman

G.P. Putnam's Sons', \$6.95

Carroll Carroll is one of those names that, once you've heard it, you never forget it. But unless you listened carefully, you probably never heard it. Carroll Carroll was a radio writer, in the days when there were such things. His name came in a hurry between "Tune in next week..." and the NBC Chimes.

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS is Carroll Carroll's self-proclaimed "Confessions of a Renegade Radio Writer." It is the best of the radio reminiscences yet. Carroll was one of the best of the comedy writers for Cantor, Jolson, Burns and Allen ...and a dozen more. And, though he doesn't admit it, he virtually created Bing Crosby. (Yes, Virginia, those smooth ad-libs were all written down. Every word. Carroll created Bing Crosby the way other writers created Jack Benny ...still others, Jimmy Durante, etc.)

Much of the book is "inside". There's even a chapter, albeit a short one, on Georgie Price, and there just ain't no more inside than that.

Carroll is adept at prose as much as at comedy. And he tells a beautiful story. "Just before the service (for Bert Lahr, for whom Carroll once worked) ...a man in the middle of the room half rose from his chair and looked around. I didn't know him, but he looked, and he was dressed, like every burlesque stage manager I've ever seen. He leaned over to whisper to the man with him, and what came out was one of those old-fashioned, resonant stage whispers that carried to every corner of a theater. What he said was, 'It's a sellout'."

If you remember radio, Carroll Carroll will help you remember a little better. And, yes, the inevitable did happen. Once, a Dutchman named Wessell Wessell introduced himself. "I was afraid to say that I was Carroll Carroll for fear he'd think I was making fun of him."

And if you remember radio, you remember, "Ladies and Gentlemen...Easy Aces." Which, coincidentally, is the title of Goodman Ace's collection of Easy Aces scripts. Goodman Ace was Mr. Ace. His wife, Jane...was the craziest of the crazy blondes...who was forever turning a phrase like, "You could have knocked me over with a fender."

ACE: Well, first I want to say that the leading characters in this story are not fictitious. Very often, I wish to heaven we were, especially Jane's brother Paul. Paul never shows it, but I know that he hates me.

PAUL: I never show it, but I hate him

ACE: He can't stand the sight of me.

PAUL: I can't stand the sight of him.

ACE: Behind my back he calls me names.

PAUL: Communist!

ACE: (TO PAUL) Look, kid, if you have to come to my office, and sit around with your feet scratching up my desk, I wish you wouldn't be wearing my shoes.

Doubleday gives us seven complete scripts, a Goodman Ace intro to each, and a recording of two on-the-air excerpts. A bargain.

Radio, after a twenty year break, has become big business once again. Unfortunately it's all book business. And, unfortunately, some of the book people have hit bottom. There is no other excuse for Ron Lackman's REMEMBER RADIO.

REMEMBER RADIO is a collection of pictures, logs, and other memorabilia done program-by-program and bridged with a word or two from author Lackmann. But the logs aren't dated, so they're useless. And, unforgiveably, just about every third "fact" Lackmann sneaks in is completely wrong..

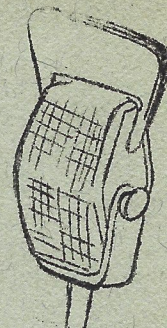
True, it is not important that Orson Welles wasn't the first Shadow, that Let's Pretend was a half-hour, not an hour show, that Eddie Cantor's "I love to spend each Sunday..." theme came at the end of each show and not the beginning, that Chichi wasn't Poppa David's daughter, that the young man on the left is Billy Idelson and not Sid Koss, that Captain Midnight was at least ten years away from being the first kids' show to offer premiums, and that Dashiell Hammett did not pattern "radio's Fat Man after his detective novel character of the same name." No, none of these things are important in any honest sense of the word. But, if you lay down 7 bucks for a book, you expect the author to know something about his subject. And that should not be too much to expect.

For the record, Hammett used only the Fat Man name. The book "Fat Man" (in the Maltese Falcon) was a crook named Guttman. The "Fat Man" on radio was a detective named Runyon. As for the first Shadow, well, you-know-who-knows.

But Mr. Lackmann doesn't.



MEMORIES OF RADIO



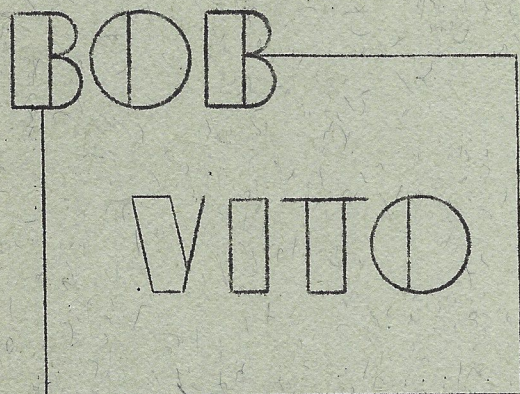
To estimate the number of books and articles on the subject of old time radio would be a life-time task, not to mention the hundreds of thousands of scripts used for broadcasting.

Today, only a handful of stations around the country are rebroadcasting a few of the old programs. Needless to say, when Television came into its own, about 1949, radio faded quickly...that is, big time radio. Many radio performers went along with the big switch and continued their careers. Others were forced to seek new professions.

Still, radio has maintained its ratings with music and news programs even up to the present day. It has been said that radio died because it was short changed by the network heads. True, but didn't the public also abandon radio? If the public had voiced enough of an appeal for radio's return, the airwaves would again be filled with fine programming. Everyone was happy with their new form of entertainment, enough to forget the days when they enjoyed putting their imaginations to work...before the idiot box came on the scene.

During the mid-forties, I had the pleasure to attend most of the New York studios. I still recall some pictures of those times...such as standing in line outside the NBC Building (with a free ticket) waiting to see the Jack Benny program during its New York stay. While waiting, I had the pleasure of catching a glimpse of Mr. Benny as he quickly came out of a taxicab and rushed into the building.

One night, while waiting inside the NBC lobby, Eddie Cantor passed the ticket holder's line...all of us waiting to see his show. Dressed like a banker in his specially tailored suit, silk tie, and derby...Cantor gave us a big smile, tipped his hat, and rolled those famous banjo eyes. A small gesture...but a picture well worth keeping, even if only in the mind.



Another flashback that is still clear to me, occurred outside of the famous 39th Street CBS Studio. Jimmy Durante, Danny Kaye, and Eddie Cantor had just finished a comedy special. All three comedians were waiting in the rain that night for taxis. Autograph seekers were gathering in droves, and the rain continued. Out of desperation, the trio of funny men were led into a patrol car. Then, a young boy of no more than ten or eleven approached the vehicle and motioned to Jimmy Durante to please pose for a flash picture.

Not wanting to get wet, Jimmy left the side window up and pressed his famous

"schnozz" against the glass for the boy to get a most unusual shot. Truly a typically Durante gesture.

Recalling another story about the kind hearted Jimmy was the time when he was to be booked into a leading New Orleans night spot. Since time was important, and Durante was booked in just a day or so, going by train was out. Durante was petrified at the thought of flying. Only after a long session with his manager about the safety of modern planes did he finally agree to fly.

All went well during the flight. So well, in fact, that Jimmy entertained his fellow passengers for hours with jokes and songs.

When the plane touched ground in New Orleans, the comedian asked to meet the pilot. He told the Captain that when he returned to the coast, he would like again to fly with that pilot. Durante then invited the seasoned flyer to dinner during the opening performance.

As the story goes, Durante was to return to California on a Friday night, but the engagement was so succesful that he was held over. The next day, Jimmy picked up his morning newspaper...there was a picture of his favorite pilot; below it, the story of a crash...fatal to all aboard.

There are many memories of old time radio...some happy...some sad. Everyone who was around in those days has a few. Do yours include listening to the juvenile shows every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday? Or I Love a Mystery at seven? Or perhaps you were allowed to stay up long enough for Inner Sanctum to give you something to...dream about.

I can recall hiding under a dresser while Nancy (with her wise black cat Satan) would chill us with one of the Witcher's Tales.

True, Television has replaced radio, but Memories of Radio linger on.

...and now a word
from: RICHARD HAYES

How do you use your collection of radio programs? I often wonder just what interesting things other collectors do with their taped shows. I'd like to suggest here a few ways to utilize them, and to solicit your ideas for other uses.

(1) FOR PERSONAL ENJOYMENT: Quite frequently, as the spirit moves, I have a hankering to listen to a certain show or type of show. Often, this is in the late evening as I prepare for bed. I have a recorder in my bedroom for this purpose. As I lie there in the dark relaxing after a busy day, I'll be listening to a big band remote from the late thirties, or a Lux Radio Theater production, or a couple of episodes from One Man's Family. In fact, once...for a few weeks, I made a practice of listening to one chapter of that series each night, just as we used to do for so many years when they were on

"the first thing around." You see, I have a number of consecutive chapters from that marvelous program in my collection. This could be done by those of you who have a series of Lum 'n' Abner shows or Pepper Young's Family, for example.

(2) FOR FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT: If you have children, what a treat it must be for them to listen to such shows as Jack Armstrong or Superman or Hop Harrigan or The Lone Ranger! Television may be fine in moderation (isn't Sesame Street a delight?), but listening to an occasional radio dramatization can do wonders at developing the imagination. Have you ever gathered the family together on a Sunday night, turned the lights down low, and listened to The First Nighter or some other fine radio dramatic program? I heartily recommend it. In fact, I recently purchased (for \$2) an Old Emerson radio cabinet, complete with tubes, with the intention of taking out the works, and inserting a speaker connected to a tape player...to really simulate the old radio days. The dial still lights (and in fact, the radio hums, but doesn't play. Come to think of it, a hum is superior in many ways to today's radio programs, so I think I'll keep it that way!) and so I know it will seem like the real McCoy.

(3) AT PARTIES: I know it will be a long time before a group of about ten friends assembled in my basement "radio room" one evening will forget that experience. After showing off my collection, my books about radio, some radio magazines, an actual transcription, and some pictures of radio stars, I played them a complete show. Now, this was the Suspense classic, "Three Skeleton Key," about the invasion of a lighthouse by a horde of huge rats when an abandoned ship drifted ashore. To create the appropriate atmosphere, I lighted two candles and turned all the lights out. Sure was spooky! Another thing you might try at a party is having a pre-made tape of excerpts from well-remembered programs; these may be openers, closing signatures, or segments with voices that will be remembered by the over-35 crowd. Have your guests try to guess the name of the program or the sponsor or the names of the characters. Appropriate "vintage" prizes can be given the winners.

(4) IN THE CAR: Many automobiles have stereo cartridge tape players these days. I have a SONY TC-8 tape cartridge recorder which I use to tape some of my favorite radio shows on. A 60 minute tape can contain four-15 minute soap operas or two half-hour situation comedies, or one full hour dramatic program. Many a time I've entertained guests going with me for a weekend at my summer home some two hours distant by playing a hilarious Aldrich Family show, or a few "soapies" or Inner Sanctum. This can be done with a cassette recorder too, of course.

(5) FOR YOUTH PROGRAMS: Being a teacher myself, I've noticed that quite a few collectors are teachers. And I know that many of you use an occasional vintage radio program at school. I find that this is the best possible way to keep students out of mischief during an extended home room period or in June on those last days after finals are over and summer beckons. One collector goes around to the various home rooms and plays programs for junior high school students. Another possibility is a VINTAGE RADIO CLUB, where representative programs would be listened to and discussed, and where arrangements may be made for those having recorders to start their own collections. I myself intend to offer such a program for high school students as part of the school system's enrichment program of "extended day subjects." This was suggested to me by a colleague in the English department who plans to have his students listen to a few outstanding dramatic shows. Though I haven't tried this, I would assume that a "radio night" would make a novel and most popular program for scouts or a youth coffee house, or camp program.



MERWYN BOGUE
.... AS "ISHKABIBBLE"

(6) ON PRESENT-DAY RADIO: Probably most of you have heard talk-shows on today's radio, devoted to nostalgia concerning old radio shows. These always seem to prove very popular with the listeners. A number of collectors have made guest appearances on this type of program, usually bringing along a tape of actual excerpts for the engineer to cue up and play, sometimes with a question asked and a prize given to the caller who correctly answers the question.

(7) RECONSTRUCTING A DAY OR EVENING'S PROGRAM: One of these days I intend to make a project of assembling, perhaps on a 2400 or 3600' tape, a series of programs in the sequence in which they originally were aired on a particular night or during a certain day. To get old radio logs, all you have to do is visit a library having old newspapers on microfilm, jotting down or having photographed a day's radio programs. For example, my collection of daytime serials (the charitable name for soapers) is very nearly complete now. Using the September, 1943, issue of MOVIE-RADIO GUIDE, I have at hand the programs for Mondays, 11:00am through 6:00pm. Those that I have copies of are:

11:00	ROAD OF LIFE	2:30	FILLER
11:15	VIC AND SADE	2:45	PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY
11:30	SNOW VILLAGE	3:00	STORY OF MARY MARLIN
11:45	DAVID HARUM	3:15	MY TRUE STORY
12:00	KATE SMITH SPEAKS	3:45	THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS
12:15	BIG SISTER	4:00	BACKSTAGE WIFE
12:30	ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT	4:15	STELLA DALLAS
12:45	OUR GAL SUNDAY	4:30	LORENZO JONES
1:00	LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL	4:45	YOUNG WIDDER BROWN
1:15	MA PERKINS	5:00	WHEN A GIRL MARRIES
1:30	FILLER	5:15	PORTIA FACES LIFE
1:45	THE GOLDBERGS	5:30	JUST PLAIN BILL
2:00	YOUNG DR. MALONE	5:45	FRONT PAGE FARRELL
2:15	JOYCE JORDAN, M.D.		

Undoubtedly there are other uses for our valuable and nostalgic collections. How about you letting our readers in on some of yours, through this column. Our address is 59 Myrtle Avenue; Cranston, Rhode Island 02910. 'Til next time, thanks for reading.

BROADCASTING.... (MAGAZINE) LOOKS BACK

There has seldom been a more ambitious attempt at summarizing the history of any one industry...than the very successful one in BROADCASTING MAGAZINE for the week of November 2, 1970. Using broadcast pioneer records, and material from the early days of the magazine itself...mixed in with a generous portion of personal reflection, this issue not only muses over the whys and wherefores...but chronologically lists the specific events which played a part in forming all important phases of the field.

The BROADCASTING "Special Report" begins with the account of Morris Gelman, senior editor of the magazine (Hollywood Desk). Gelman, we are told, "has read stacks of published literature, rummaged in the attics of radio and television, and interviewed more than 100 pioneers"...in preparation for completion of a book about broadcasting to be published next year.

Just to show that Gelman's heart is in the right place for our own particular viewpoint, let me quote his method of opening the narrative:

"...Personal memories, back to 1935 when radio was 15 and how it was to be 5 years old. Most nights the whole family, mom and pop and the six kids, would gather in the living room around the Philco console that was bought secondhand. Only three of the kids had ever been out of Brooklyn and into Manhattan (it took seven weeks of saving up the three cent a week allowances to add up to the 20 cents the round-trip on the subway cost) yet the radio went to Chicago, Hollywood, and even London, England.

Throughout boyhood, the radio was a centerpiece: pop listening while he read the evening paper, his glasses down to the tip of his nose, the ash on his cigar growing whiter and more fragile as his concentration deepened; mom knitting, her lips moving as she counted stitches, looking up every so often to ask what was so funny that the man said on the radio; the kids sprawled on the sofa and floor, pushing and shoving for position, arguing about what program to tune in next. The radio was such a big thing for us, so important that one of the children would pray to himself: Please, dear God, help us to keep up the time payments on it so the Ludwig Baumann store shouldn't take the radio back.

Sunday was the big night: 'The Shadow' in the early evening, 'The Great Gildersleeve' and 'Jack Benny' and 'The Chase and Sanborn Hour with Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen'. On another night, there was 'The Witche's Tales'. We listened to them with the lights down, and afterwards nobody would leave the room alone. If the oldest boy went to the bathroom, everyone went with him."

Author Gelman then warns to beware...that there's "too damn much nostalgia". That Joe Penner is dead...and Creedence Clearwater Lives.

The man's recollections, and his style of putting them on paper, promise the reader of this article that his upcoming book will probably be a masterpiece of that "damned nostalgia" itself. For instance:

"Remember, too, years later interviewing that famous radio announcer and noticing how the bright look in his eyes clouded over when asked about the transition time when radio was coming in. He had worked only the most popular network radio programs, had even been called on to do some programs when TV was in the experimental stages. But then, possibly because he was no longer brimming with youth (and he never had what you'd call good looks), he couldn't latch onto a regular job in television. High-salaried announcers, anyway, had become superfluous. Finally, after a couple of years of digging into the money he'd saved, he landed a continuing role in a comedy series. But he had to audition for the job. Twenty years a professional, a national celebrity, and he had to audition like any guy off the street."

Perhaps one of the most prophetic single statements in the entire article is attributed to a once-famous newscaster of Hollywood gossip.... "In 1951, the advertising agency came in and in so many words said radio is dead, long live television." Gelman warns, though, of blaming all of the change on television. Says he, "...the changes that television brought were really spinoffs of World War II. That's when we all grew up." At a slightly later point: "Always the criticism, the put-downs, the demeaning, the scorn. It's really a wonder. Maybe there is such a thing as a universal psychosis: What's big is bad. What's popular is putrid. What's number one is necessarily nefarious." Still later comes: "Check..the clip in the file from 1941, the one quoting George Peabody, then president of Rho Alpha Delta undergraduate radio society at New York University. 'Radio has forgotten its prime purpose,' Mr. Peabody was reported to have said, 'which is to serve as the medium for enlightenment and entertainment in the interest of the public good.' That was in 1941, when network radio-dear old, much lamented network radio-was maybe at its most vital, creative best. How to reconcile the Peabody statement with all of those heard about how television today is just an abortion of the golden age of the medium in the mid-1950's, and how that age itself was just a tinsel copy of the glory days of radio?"

There is much more to the article...which is, after all, simply a warmly-written preview of the soon-to-be book. Gelman's points seem pure..and quite valid.

Following the article reviewed above, BROADCASTING moves to a "Play-by-Play Retrospective"...with "the events that have shaped radio and television: as remembered, as eyewitnessed, as weighed now."

Certainly, I would love to simply copy, word for word...what is contained in the listing. It is most complete. However, I have no wish to infringe on anyone's copyrights...and much of the material (especially in the latter portion) is of a technical variety. This is of interest to me...and others in the industry...but would not be to most collectors.

There are the traditional dates and summations one would expect: Marconi; formation of each network; WWJ on August 20, 1920; KDKA on November 2, 1920 (and the resultant battle about who was the real trailblazer); experimental TV started on July 30, 1930. What I would like to review are some of the not-so-famous dates...which mean a good deal to us..as dealers in a sort of trivia.

There was May 1, 1932...when "NBC lifted its ban on recorded programs for its owned and operated stations, leaving it up to judgement of the station managers, but still barring them from network use." Certainly, a hint of things to come. What about July 15, 1932...when, in order to air 58 hours of sessions of the two national political conventions from the Chicago Stadium, NBC cancelled 56 commercials...and CBS nosedived more than a dozen. Mercy!

It was on January 15, 1933...or thereabouts...that a variety of phonograph record company officials took the action of labeling their products as "not licensed for radio broadcast". The director of the National Association of Broadcasters copyright section called it a "bluff". And, a forgotten attempt at a network none of us remembers (probably) took place on October 1st, 1933...when Ed Wynn's Amalgamated Broadcast System opened the door with 100 outlets, connected by Western Union lines. But...came November 15th of the same year. On that date, it was announced that the early version of an "ABC" had gone bankrupt...and many broadcasters began to ponder the advisability of considering a third network.

The date of the article in BROADCASTING was May 15, 1937...on the subject of the just-occurred event: "WLS, Chicago recording team of Herb Morrison, announcer, and Charles Nehlsen, engineer, on routine assignment at Lakehurst, N.J., record on-the-spot account of explosion of the German dirigible Hindenburg; NBC breaks rigid rule against recordings to put it on network." September 15, 1938...saw the formation of the World Radio "wax" network of 25 major market stations (This is important, because World Radio was later bought by Frederic Ziv...which put out considerable material still in collectors' circulation).

A tribute to the drawing power of one specific comedian came in March of 1941, when General Foods signed an unprecedented contract with Jack Benny... giving him control of his Sunday night period on NBC-Red at its termination ..whether or not he continued under GF sponsorship. On June 2nd, 1941, it was announced that recording companies were turning to glass as bases with government priorities curtailing the supply of aluminum. I don't have to elaborate on the effect on collectors of that little item. Especially if you have ever discovered any of the relics of the era, and tried to successfully transfer them to tape before your own nimble butterfingers turned them to so many shards.

NBC separated the Red and Blue networks in early December of 1941...and then, in late December of 1944, Blue Network became the American Broadcasting Co.

Have you ever wondered why Cecil B. DeMille suddenly halted his host role on the LUX RADIO THEATRE? BROADCASTING says it was because in January of 1945, he refused to pay a special American Federation of Radio Artists \$1 assessment to oppose a so-called "right to work" proposition, and then failed in his court fight to prevent suspension by the union.

And what about that statement by Representative Emmanuel Celler (Democrat of New York, who is still around) made in August of 1945...demanding that the FCC crack down on broadcasters, pay more attention to renewals of station licenses, order designated hours set aside for sustaining educational and cultural programs. Representative Celler concluded by criticizing programs for having too much "corn," commercial content, and boogie-woogie. My, my... did he say that about the radio we remember so fondly?

Associated Broadcasting put the fifth national network on the air on September 17th of 1945. There's no hint as to its eventual fate.

An entry of August 19th, 1946..has tremendous import for our interests.... in far more than its area of original impact. On that date came word that Bing Crosby had signed a \$30,000 a week contract to do a series for Philco, broadcast on ABC but transcribed in advance. The deal included a stipulation for a return to live broadcasts if the program's rating fell below an agreed-on level. The word "transcribed" is the key...because in this case it refers to tape..not disc. Crosby, with his own firm of Ampex turning out machines, was forcing the networks to take their first true look at magnetic tape recording. And it was, in the long run, network and professional interest and development which led to introduction on a mass scale to the home market of the machines we all depend on.

Censorship entered the picture on about April 28, 1947...when Fred Allen used a gag about network vice presidents which NBC had ruled out, and was cut off the air while he told it; the story was front-paged across the nation, and the advertising agency involved demanded a 35 second rebate for the censored segment.

The knell was heard, if only slightly, when in June of 1948, Gulf Oil began sponsorship of "We The People" on both CBS Radio and CBS-TV...as the very first simulcast regularly sponsored series. However, radio was still in there swinging...witness an event of October 11, 1948: CBS bought Amos 'N' Andy outright for two million dollars, and made a powerful attempt to get Bergan and McCarthy away from NBC. Then, in November, CBS got the Jack Benny program ...and scheduled it to start on January 2nd of 1949 in the same slot and the same sponsor present as on NBC. At that time, the Edgar Bergan deal was awaiting a ruling from the Internal Revenue Service, and CBS' attempt to get Harris and Faye fizzled. But January of '49 saw Bing Crosby defect to Columbia...followed by Bergan and friend...plus Red Skelton. In retrospect, it would seem that top brass at NBC were almost cooperating with the defections ...in order to concentrate on video. CBS, of course, carried radio for many years past NBC (in the dramatic sense).

Top salaries on two of the nets in 1949? Arthur Godfrey received \$258,450 on CBS...while Don McNeil was paid \$180,229. Interesting to note that they were the longest survivors of network radio, with McNeil only bowing out recently...and Godfrey still on the air (who'd have evr believed that?).

In June of 1950, "NBC started a counter raid on CBS:...and signed Groucho Marx to an eight year contract." Shortly thereafter, NBC put Bob Hope's name on the line. And I just noticed that on June 19th of 1950, ABC signed Don McNeil to a 20 year contract. Maybe that's why he just retired.

The purge feelings of the era caught up with radio in September of 1950. General Foods dropped Jean Muir from the Aldrich Family after her alleged appearance before certain groups. Credit for her dismissal is claimed by the Joint Committee Against Communism. This was the beginning of a drive to "cleanse" radio and television of pro-Communist actors, directors, and writers.

As a side note..it might be added to the list of interesting items that in November of 1951, Bing Crosby Enterprises announced the development of a system for recording sight-and-sound programs on magnetic tape; pictures shown at a demonstration were described as "hazy" but "viewable". Crosby's Ampex Corporation again is at the forefront of electronics history.

In May of 1954, CBS Radio reduced its nighttime rates by 20%...making them

roughly equivilant to the daytime rates. "Prime-Time" in radio was doomed.

The remainder of the itemized date listings reflect more of the same...almost total transference of attention from radio to Television, and none of them are really applicable to the purpose of this review. So I'll close it off with that 1954 entry. Sadly, perhaps.

Overall, however, there is much for the radio buff to enjoy in BROADCASTING's work. It is the first time, to my knowledge, that such a chronological study has been made...and as you read swiftly through the years, it is possible to see what was coming. It's done...and those days are past...but there's certainly no harm in remembering....

VIDEO COLLECTING (conclusion)

I will be interested in working with any collector on video tape copies or duplication. By using a processing amplifier we are able to adjust all tapes for a proper response, but they must be played on the same type of machine originally used for the recording, except in the case of the new AV series. And the new AV series will also do the job in color, and good color for the price, \$1250 for the SONY AV 5000 machine. Write me for any help or suggestions: P.O. Box 1644, Louisville, Kentucky 40201. Telephone 502-895-1143.

When radio began, no one had recording instruments available. Now, video is not too old that we cannot start to collect the best of the tube with the small machines.

SIDE LINES: HUGH CARLSON !!

There's a lot of talk in collectors' circles these days over what to do about the current shortage of polyester tape and its resulting high price. From time to time, the Olson electronics stores around the country run specials on their so called "white box" polyester tape, selling it for 59¢ a box if you buy ten. There's been much comment pro and con about this tape, since not much is publicly known about it. I did some investigating and managed to find out that it is used RCA computer tape. It is of very high quality. Actually, after putting it through several tests (tensile strength and output), I find it is better quality than the popular Shamrock, which is now selling for \$1.59 a reel. There's a catch to this white box tape, however. The process called "slitting" has not been perfected on it. About 50% of it is slit just a hair wider than $\frac{1}{4}$ inch. Because of this difficulty, check out a few reels on your machine before buying it in large quantities. Some machines (such as Roberts) handle the tape well. But other machines, including some SONY models, cause the wider-than-normal tape to weave past the recording head like a snake. This causes dropouts. I have a friend who tried the stuff on both his SONY and his WOLLENSAK machines, and they wouldn't even turn. So check it out carefully before buying in large numbers. This tape should probably not be used for trading with other collectors because of the width problem.

OFF MIKE AFTERTHOUGHTS

Well, as it turned out, this (and not the first) page is actually the last to be hacked out in my own inimitable style. I can turn a few phrases with the advantage of having the completed publication at my hand.

A few comments: The Lum 'N' Abner article is from a newspaper story of the mentioned year (1936), and is a factual as the original. My thanks to Cliff Caplinger for digging it out of obscurity.

I have discovered along the way that I can successfully use the electronic stencil process on photocopies. In fact, some masters are so dark that it is very necessary to photocopy them in order to reduce them to gray (grey?) tones. So, whatever material you have which you feel I might be able to use, just run it through your friendly office copier, and mail on. I can process it with ease.

You will find a couple of pages which are not complete to the bottom. It was my intention to add a few illustrations. Unfortunately, I must do the assembly work this weekend in order to get to work on the circulation quickly. So.... they'll have to wait 'till #3.

Speaking of illustrations, I'd like to note that every single piece of art in EPILOGUE was produced by Bill Blalock of Richland, Washington...who does a fine job in transferring the spirit of our interests to artboard. Without Bill's aid, this edition would be all the bleaker...and I hope that he'll be on my side for some time to come.

And now, my friends...I shall retire to the wings for a while. I have a heck of a lot of filing to do. Write...

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